

And, mainly, most importantly, I've been
insane enough to fall in love

which is why I look forward to
the next beer so much.

— David Newman

Westland MI

SHE WAS RUNNING

the last leg on a
relay team at
the Millrose Games
for the best track
team in America
and her old man
was someone I
threw out of bars
every day of her life.
She was good
and I was rooting
for her as she came
down the stretch.

THE BARTENDER AT PAULY'S

leaned out the front door
when he saw me and sd.
"How can you tell it's Spring?"
I thought it was the lead-in
for a bad joke and sd.
"Beats me."
"The Evangelists are out."
Sure enough they were handing
out pamphlets all over Quail
and Central and before long they'd
want to know where I'd be when
I died. I thought they might
have remembered me and made
the mark of Satan on the bus
shelter as a warning but apparently
God guys have a short memory
so I decided to make a swap,
when he handed me his pamphlet,
I offered him a hit on my
pint of Old Smugglers.
It was a crude but effective move.

— Alan Catlin

Schenectady NY